

# Good 728 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Shop Talk By Derek Hebberton



A happy picture of L.-Sig. Leslie Austin, of Safari, with his wife and mother outside the Palace after receiving the D.S.M.

IN March, 1942, the people of Staines held a Warship Week, the result of which was sufficient money to purchase a submarine.

Men of Staines own submarine, H. M. Submarine Unshaken, recently visited the town, and arrived at a most appropriate time, the period following V.E.-Day.

The visit was arranged by the Staines Welfare Fund for Adopted Crews, and a considerable amount of time and work was put in by members to ensure that the submariners had an enjoyable stay in Staines.

The party arrived at Staines on Saturday afternoon, and were met by the Hon. Secretary of the Fund, Mr. N. Filsell, who was also present at the meal provided for the crew at the Railway Hotel. Here the men were officially welcomed by the Deputy Chairman of the Staines Urban Council, Mr. H. E. Purser, J.P., C.C.

He spoke of the achievements of the submarine in the Mediterranean, and of the pride with which the people of Staines had followed her movements during the war.

At the request of the Unshaken's crew, a football match had been arranged for the afternoon, between the ship's team and a local R.A.F. station, to take place at the recreation ground.

Although the sailors played well, the R.A.F. put up some strong opposition, and after being three clear goals up at half-time, ran out final winners by five goals to three.

In the evening, a dinner and dance was held at the Majestic Theatre Cafe, when the toast of "Unshaken" was given by County Alderman H. Fear, D.L., J.P., who presided.

Lieut. J. S. Pearce, R.N.R., commanding officer of Unshaken, replied, expressing the thanks of the ship's crew for the invitation, and saying how much they were all enjoying themselves.

Lunch the following day was provided at the local British Restaurant, and in the afternoon, Unshaken's crew took the place of honour in the Victory procession through the town.

Tea was also provided at the British Restaurant, and shortly after this the men of Unshaken left to resume their duties.

This is the amazing drama of 26-year-old German agent Olga Bruder, who fell in love with a Russian spy and was arrested by him. "Beware of Such Women."

By C. N. DORAN.

# Spy Caught Spy- They Fell in Love

BY a strange peculiarity the ployers that that incident in Germans, in the last war as in this, made one of their headquarters for spying operations in the city of Brussels. That is one of the remarkable features of German espionage—they go by rule and rote.

It was from Brussels that Therese Prevost set out on her adventurous career; and it was from Brussels that little Olga Bruder started her tricks.

I am giving away no secret in saying that even before the wars the Secret Service Bureau in Brussels did a big business.

It was run on semi-private lines, and it sold its information on very expensive terms.

Olga had been "around" Europe before she offered herself to the German authorities; she had been something of an actress in a small way in Vienna and in Prague.

She was about 26 years of age when she landed in Berlin, and was introduced (by letter) to the German school for female spies.

She passed her tests without any trouble, and was given small parts at first. One of these was to pay a visit to the Firth of Forth and to the Clyde and gain information about the shipbuilding. She returned to Germany and was then sent on the big job that was to mark her career as a spy.

### GENEVA JUNCTION.

That job was to find out all she could about a Russian fortress on the eastern frontier of Germany. She was given plenty of money, and her reports were to be sent to Geneva, and from there the sub-agent carried them to Berlin.

Olga spoke French, German, English and Russian. She had been the mistress of a Rumanian, who was supposed to be a theatrical agent, but was really a spy for Germany; but she had assured her new em-

One of these letters stated that "after an hour's walk to see whether I could get any food for you" resulted in a request for a pound of cinnamon of average quality, two lbs. of lemons of ordinary size, and fifty ditto, also average size. These, said the letter, were being stored near the river "ready for shipping."

What that letter meant was that the cinnamon (fortress) had about six big guns (allowing six lemons to the two lbs.) and fifty smaller guns, and that the fortress was on the river ready for action.

During the time Olga had been gathering this information she had been almost constantly in the company of Rossique. Friendship had ripened into affection between the two, and affection into love. Olga was so much in love that she intended to give up the job of spying and marry Rossique. They had talked about this, and both were very much attached to each other.

And then the bomb exploded. One evening Rossique came to see Olga. His face was very grave. He handed her one of her letters which had been stopped by the censors. He told her that he had come for an explanation.

### SPIES IN LOVE.

At this came out at her trial. Poor Olga wept bitterly. She confessed that she was a spy; she pleaded with her lover to forgive her. She would do anything to prove her devotion to him.

Another of her tricks was to sew into her own coat linings and neck-bands such information as was too dangerous to trust to a parcel. She had other methods too. She used to write letters to "a brother" in Memel, giving orders for certain goods to be sent to "a mother" in Geneva.

And the second bomb exploded then. Rossique confessed to her that he too was an agent—but he was an agent for Russia. It had been his duty to get into touch with her and reveal her activities.

He had been ordered to take her to Brest Litovsk as a prisoner.

Was there ever such a tragedy—two spies in love with each other, and one the other's prisoner of war!

On the way, however, Rossique gave Olga the opportunity to escape. She managed to get back to Berlin with some information which she had sewn into the bodice of her dress. It was her hope that she would return to marry Rossique; but she never left Berlin.

She was found one morning in her apartment near the Hotel Adlon—dead. The official explanation was that she had poisoned herself.

The real explanation—admitted later in official reports by Colonel Nicolai, chief of the military intelligence department—was that Olga Bruder was considered to have compromised her usefulness by disobeying orders and falling in love. So she was "eliminated" in the interests of the State.



Lt. Douglas Lambert, R.N., of "Regent" and "Surf," won the D.S.C. and Bar for two gallant Mediterranean exploits.

the British Minister, Mr. Ronald Campbell and his staff.

An Italian Army staff officer was embarked as a hostage while Lieut. Lambert went ashore in an attempt to find Mr. Campbell.

Meanwhile, Regent lay in the harbour flying her largest white ensign, and this situation continued for several hours while the submarine waited in the hope that Lieut. Lambert would find Mr. Campbell and bring him down to the port.

Nine hours after the submarine had entered the harbour, she was attacked by two Italian dive-bombers, and in the face of this attack, the commanding officer decided to withdraw from the harbour, taking the Italian officer with them, but leaving behind Lieut. Lambert.

SEVEN members of the crew of Upstart recently spent a week-end at Pontefract, the guests of the Upstart Comforts Fund Committee.

The visitors were Sub-Lieut. Turbett, P.O. Best, A.B. Francis, A.B. Stoker, Leading Stoker Walker, A.B. Webb and Signalman Long. They were met on the Friday afternoon by members of the committee, including the chairman, Mrs. F. Pybus, and secretary, Miss E. Waddington; and they were entertained to tea.

Later in the day, they were accompanied by members of the committee to a Civic Reception and Dinner at which the Mayor of Pontefract presided.

The following day, Upstart visited Dunhill's Licorice Works, and as a memento of his visit, each man received a box of sweets from the management.

These came in handy in the afternoon when they visited Pontefract race meeting, and their day finished with a visit to the home of Mrs. Pybus for tea.

A trip to Pontefract Castle occupied the Sunday morning, and after lunch in the town, Upstart received a grand send-off from the Mayor and members of the Comforts Fund.

It was a week-end that they will remember.

A TALE which pulled at the hearts of people in this country was that story of the British submarine under the command of Lieut. J. H. Brunner, which sank three Japanese supply ships, consigning to the deep thousands of eggs bound for Singapore.

1,500 eggs were taken aboard see us about recently are on the submarine, but said Lieut. the way. I hope they are what Brunner, "thinking of the you wanted."

IT'S staggering to think there to biologists, they don't have much fun.

Crocodiles sometimes touch about somewhere that was the 300-years mark—which may explain why they yawn old when the Spanish Armada sailed up the English Channel.

Yet it's quite possible.

Whales are known to live up to 500 years.

Being whales, they are not much use to the historian; indeed, they are exasperating to him. Think of all the tales a whale might tell, if whales could tell tales.

Tortoises are the next longest-living animals. They go on and on for between 300 and 400 years. It must be very slow for them at the pace they rocket about at, and, according

shortage at home, it nearly broke our hearts to see so many good eggs going into "Davy Jones' Locker."

It certainly broke ours, too.

APOLOGY to Sub-Lieutenant A. White, of Spur. Sorry I wasn't able to get up to your party, but you must agree it was rather short notice in which to cancel all arrangements. I really would have liked to have been there, but it's too late for that now.

Those prints you came in to see us about recently are on the submarine, but said Lieut. the way. I hope they are what

you wanted.

I am glad the nightingale can pour out its lovely song for eighteen seasons, but I commiserate with the wren for having but three short years in which to hop from tree to tree.

At that, the rabbit gets only five years—but, oh! what a life it has!

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

# "Booze" and the Remedy

OFF we went, rowing for all we were worth. Besides the harpoon gun I had a brand-new lance of his blowing, followed by the Backer. "You've upset my life ready for the final thrust after the mighty slap of his flukes on the I'll upset yours."

whale was winded, and I laid it sea. A wave banged against the boat down on the boat to be handy. We reached the spot, and I noticed that there were one or two cows, beside the bull. They did not hear across the sea went the whale make all sail. That's well."

our coming until we were pretty with my harpoon sticking in him—a couple of hundred barrels

to be put in irons. I had expected

Then the bull broached, throw-

ing himself to one side as a signal

to the cows to go in that direction.

They sounded, and I motioned to the steerer to keep to windward the boats to return.

so that we would be in close touch when they came up. They came up as calmly as I could. "Pull!" We were hoisted up. Old Ocean

fine, especially the bull. I let him pass on the port side, and then was waiting for us. His hands

roared out for the men to stop were in his pockets, and as I

the hauling line and stand by to stepped forward to give my reason

stern all as soon as I had sent the for losing the whale, he waved me aside.

It was a big whale, a regular horse, worth several hundred pounds sterlin in blubber.

I waited for a minute until I saw the spot to land the harpoon—not far back, where the stringy meat is, but right in the mass of blubber at the shoulder. Then I heaved.

It was a good throw. I saw the harpoon bury itself in the back hide; and then the bull stood

on his head and threw his flukes into the air and sounded like a stone.

"Stern all!"

Back we piled while the line ran out at the bows. The whale went down thirty fathoms and we hauled the slack in fast and I reached for the lance; but before I could get it a hand was thrust past me and the lance was lifted and in one stroke cut through the line.

The severed end fell into the

boat and I turned to face

Backer, who had done the trick.

"I did. And I'll do all I can it there. He's planked it some- it was a changed Backer. He was

itself. We'll see when we land lean and tanned and hard as iron.

He'll He had come out with us a shrimp

stay with the Eskimo shore of a man, and now he was as firm

as most of the crew.

His face glowed with health and his hesitating manner of speech was gone. The cold, clear air had done that.

I went ashore and had a talk with the Eskimo. Backer didn't seem to mind anything. He

remained outside the tent until I told him to get ready to return.

We rowed him aboard, and, having fixed the Eskimo for his

work, we sailed at once.

Old Ocean listened to what I had to report as we left the Sound and headed south.

We had a good run home. The station at the outer bar of the Golden Gate signalled us as we passed and we held on slowly until we went through the channel and up to the Barrat wharf.

If that didn't cure Backer of his drink habit nothing would.

We made the sound in a few days and signalled the Eskimo. His tent was on the edge of a wind-swept hill. Backer was put into a boat with the kit he had been given and was rowed ashore.

I was in the boat. I obeyed orders. I told the Eskimo about him in his lingo, and then I

searched his kit for the bottle I felt he would have.

I found it, buried in his pack. I took it away and handed it to the skipper when I got back to the ship. He just nodded and put it back in the chart room. Then we sailed.

We were away for about five months. We had filled our barrels by the time we put into Kotzebue Sound again. The Eskimo was there and so was Backer; but

we sailed.

Backer came forward. He was still wearing his rough sea clothes.

"Hello, Dad," he said.

"Howdy, Mr. Barrat. Howdy, Miss Barrat. Skipper, you'll oblige me by handing over that rum bottle. I want it. I mean the one you took from my pocket the night you shanghaied me. I won't drink it, I assure you."

Old Ocean looked sharply at him; and Barrat and the elder Backer and Miss Barrat were all about to start talking at once, but Hugh held up his hand.

"Wait," he said. "I'll do the talking—when I get my bottle Hurry, skipper."

Old Ocean slipped into the chart house and brought out the bottle, which he handed over gingerly.

"You're going to show us that you're cured, aren't you?" he said. "Maybe I was a bit drastic, but it was for your good, yours and—"

Backer took the bottle and put it under his arm.

"If you'd thrown this away, skipper," he said, "I'd never have forgiven you. It's my time to talk now. I thought it all out, up there with the Eskimo. Old Ocean, this is your cure not mine."

"What's that?"

"I say it's your cure. I see where the mistake occurred. I was deputed by the State to make a chemical investigation of the smugglers' liquor and analyse it. And at the same

time I was working out a theory of my own on the dope which made it necessary for me to have lots of the stuff. I came here to finish my work. No wonder I smelled of liquor. A man can't live with it all day and night as I did, and spill it all day without carrying the perfume."

"I didn't tell you before because the whole thing was secret. The State was hoping to raid the premises of the makers and my analysis was to be chief evidence—"

"For the love of Mike!"

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

- What is the difference between emulate and immolate?
- For what do the letters P.S.A. stand?
- What does "hurst" mean in town-names like Midhurst?
- What is the shortest verse in the Bible?
- By how many hours is a measure?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 727

- Imminent means about to occur; eminent means famous.
- Port of London Authority.
- Home.
- 39.
- 5½ hours ahead.
- Scruple is a weight; others are measures.

time in Brazil behind or ahead of Greenwich time?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Handel, Wordsworth, Tennyson.

### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



WHAT wouldn't you give to be at the Victoria Club the day before Derby Day! Victoria Club?—why, that's the place where there are more bookies to the square foot than in any other place in the world: the very centre of betting.

Well, Mrs. Elsie Angel has been there—the only woman allowed contact with the members—for the past four and a half years. As stewardess, she has heard them talk betting, horses, prices, runners and non-runners, and altogether, has probably had more "information" on the likely outcome of the big races than anyone not in the "ring."

And she has never placed a bet.

Years ago she discovered that raffle tickets were just donations; that sweepstakes are just giving someone else a wad of dough; that, in short, she doesn't have the luck. So she is not interested.

Perhaps that's why she likes bookies. She finds them generous, good-hearted and kind. Well, isn't that what we all think?

SHORTLY after VE-Day all London's air-raid shelters went into liquidation—all except one. If it, too, had closed, Arthur would probably have to book an open-air room on the Embankment, of nights.

You see, Arthur and about a hundred other gentlemen—the number varies a good bit—got used to seeking an umbrella from the bombs and general unpleasantness in a poor man's shelter in vaults beneath Charing Cross Station.

There they were able to light fires from little bits of wood they picked up in the streets and boil a billycan of tea over the sticks.

Now the down-and-outs' shelter is known as the Hungerford Club, and has been continued as a home for the men who forgot to draw trumps.

You can see Arthur—a crumpled trilby on his head, a knotted scarf round his neck, someone else's trousers, and a smile on his worn old face—trotting along there almost any evening.

FOLKESTONE people got a lovely catch of fish the other day. "Whitebait!" cried an old mariner (or maybe it was an old submariner), leaning over the quay. "Whitebait!" yelled every other old mariner (or submariner) within hailing distance, as they tucked up their trousers and ran for baskets.

Before long, half Folkestone was on the beach, shovelling up whitebait as fast as they could go.

Mackerel had chased the little fish ashore, and in the heat of the moment many of the mackerel got laid high and dry on the sands.

D.N.K.B.

## Wangling Words No. 667

1. Behead a hut and get a gash.

2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of entionetoyoureberofParliaent.

3. Write "need" in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines.

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I examined the coal, but could not — any

## OLD OCEAN'S CURE

(Continued from Page 2) gaped the skipper; but Backer went on relentlessly.

"At first, when you shanghaied me, I thought you were in league with the smugglers, who have agents everywhere, and have threatened to down the man who nails them. You told me you were going to prevent me from handling the stuff, didn't you?" Only when I was thinking it over with the Eskimo did I see the proper prospective. You thought I was drinking it. I thought you were smuggling it. Well, I don't blame you. I got so interested after all. I should have asked in my job that I forgot to sleep, you before I left. But I'm doing and maybe that made me look a it now."

"But Old Ocean had staggered back against the deckhouse, all

the wind out of his sails.

"It was for the girl's sake I did it," he said in a low tone.

She came over to him and faced him, a rising blush on her cheek. "Captain Temple," she said distinctly, "if it was for my sake you needn't worry. Hugh Backer had already been told that I didn't want to marry him. I told him myself, because—because—somebody else—who might have had the courage to shanghai a rival—didn't have the courage."

Old Ocean straightened and set his shoulders as there came a gleam into his eye.

"It's my cure all right," he said softly. "The mate was right blame you. I got so interested after all. I should have asked in my job that I forgot to sleep, you before I left. But I'm doing and maybe that made me look a it now."

They walked across the deck wreck. And in this bottle, which I had in my pocket, was some together and the others looked of the evidence I needed—but knowingly after them.

But I, the mate, who had handed out the cure suggestion, just looked across the quay.

THE END.

## PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you what we hope you find at least some features of "Good Morning."

1. Track followed by the hunter.

2. A citrus fruit.

3. A small rodent.

4. A covetous person.

5. Small glass vessel or bottle.

6. A cooking-stove.

7. A bet.

(Solution to-morrow.)

## Solution to Puzzle in No. 727.

 1. j e W e l t  
 2. c h E s t  
 3. l e D g e e  
 4. s i D g e r  
 5. c r I s s p  
 6. d o N o o n  
 7. p a G a n


## ALEX CRACK

Heard about the doughboy being shown round one of London's famous buildings?

"Debates have been held here for more than 300 years," said the guide.

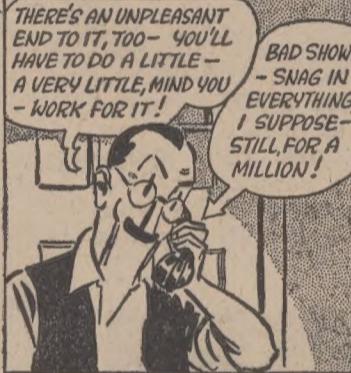
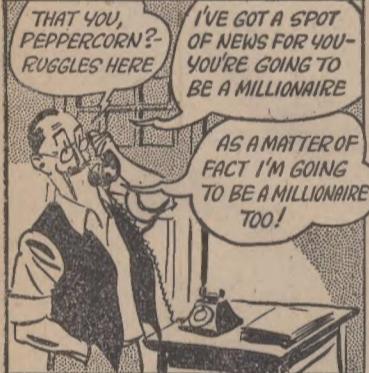
"Anything decided yet?" asked the Yank.

"That was to launch the ship with... not drink."

## JANE



## RUGGLES



"This washing business is getting out of hand. Look at this."

"Nothing wrong with that lace."

"Lace nothing. It's my K.D. shirt."

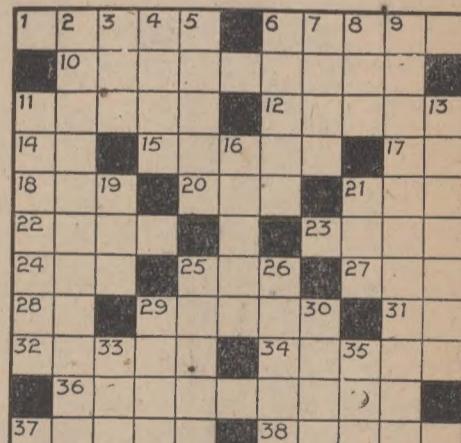
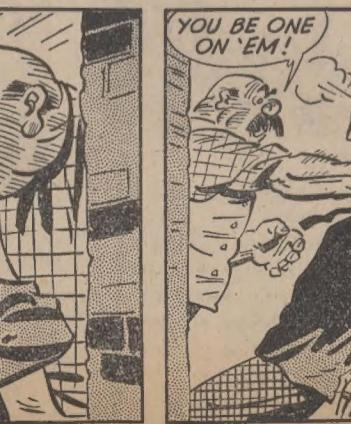
## CROSS-WORD CORNER

 HISS GAMBIT  
 ENNUI DIANA  
 ADAM VANDAL  
 RIPPLE GENE  
 TAP ORAL E  
 Y YOUNGER G  
 C BRIE EAR  
 SORE EDIBLE  
 PLAYER RULE  
 ANGEL OAKEN  
 NEEDLE KEYS

## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Reasoning. 6 Spar. 10 Levee. 14 Adjutant-General. 15 Sword. 17 Of. 18 Metal. 20 Doubled. 21 Energy. 22 Jagged projection. 23 Rage. 24 Soft food. 25 Big marble. 27 Nothing. 28 Close to. 29 Drink. 31 Direction. 32 Lady. 34 Otherwise. 36 Unattractive. 37 Flower. 38 Europeans.

CLUES DOWN.—2 Starters. 3 Procure. 4 Refreshments. 5 Tree. 6 Severe. 7 Heap. 8 Eggs. 9 Involve in accusation. 11 Dupe. 13 Fanes. 16 Trite. 19 Pile. 21 Vehicle. 25 Musical adjuster. 26 District in S. England. 29 Jest. 30 Excuse. 33 Encountered. 35 Lodging house.

# Good Morning



**IN A WESTMORLAND DALE.**  
This picture of a typical Lakeland farmstead was taken looking westwards to the head of Langdale. In the distance are the cloud-capped mountain peaks of Pike O'Blisco, Crinkle Crags, and Bowfell.



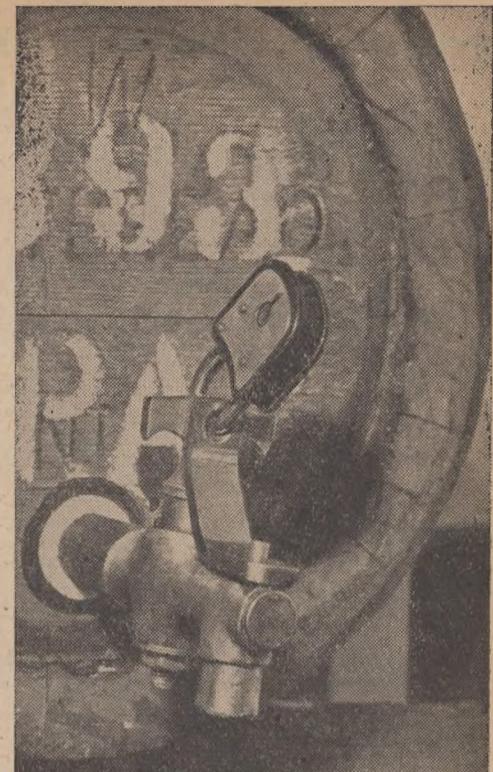
Pensive Constance Moore puts on her best "Come Hither" look for the benefit of youse guys. In spite of the gal's long skirts she manages to give her dimpled knees an airing, bless her.



**HERE COMES THE BOGEY-MAN!**  
"How many times have I told you, young lady, to use your handkerchief? If you hadn't got your brother keeping an eye on you, you'd never be presentable in polite society."



★ **THE TALE OF THREE BIRDS** ★  
On your left, a pose by Constance Moore, entitled "Black Gloves." On your right, a pose by Olga San Juan, entitled "Black Lace," and above a pose by Hetty the Hen entitled "Black Bottom."



**THE SADDEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD.**

We have gazed at the picture of "Love Locked Out" without shedding a tear. But this sad, sad picture of "Beer Locked Up," has made us shed copious tears. "Boy, fetch us another handkerchief."



**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

"Ask Hetty how she lost her feathers"



"Come Hither" Olga San Juan shows her pensive knees and manages to give youse guys a view of her dimples as well. In spite of her lace trimmings she manages to exhibit her marbled back, bless her, too.